



AN ende I thus, sith I
may do no more,
I yeve hit up for now and
evermore;
For I shal never eft putten
in balaunce
My sekernes, ne lerne of
love the lore.
But as the swan, I have
herd seyde ful yore,
Hyeins his deth shal singe in his penaunce,
So singe I here my destiny or chaunce,
How that Arcite Anelida so sore
hath thirled with the poynt of remembraunce!



AN that Anelida this woful
quene
hath of hir hande written in this
wyse,
With face deed, betwixe pale and
grene,
She fel a swowe; and sith ye gan to ryse,
And unto Mars avoweth sacrifice
Within the temple, with a sorowful chere,
That shapen was as ye shal after here.

Unfinished.

CHAUCERS WORDES UNTO ADAM, HIS
OWNE SCRIVEYN



ADAM scriveyn, if ever it thee
bifalle
Boece or Troilus to wryten
newe,
Under thy lokkes thou
most have the scalles,
But after my making thou
wryte trewe.
So ofte a daye I mot thy
werk renewe,
Hit to correcte and eek to rubbe and scrape;
And al is through thy negligence and rape.

THE FORMER AGE



BLISFUL lyf, a paisible
and a swete
Ledden the peples in the
former age;
They helde hem payed of
frutes, that they ete,
Which that the feldees yave
hem by usage;
They ne were nat forpam-
pred with outrage;
Unknowen was the quern and eek the melle;
They eten mast, hawes, and swich pounage,
And dronken water of the colde welle.

Yit nas the ground nat wounded with the
plough,
But corn upsprong, unsowe of mannes
bond,

The which they gniden, and eete nat half
ynough.
No man yit knew the forwes of his lond;
No man the fyr out of the flint yit fond;
Unkorven and ungrobbed lay the vyne;
No man yit in the mortar spyes grond
To clarre, ne to sause of galantyne.

No mader, welde, or wood no listere
Ne knew; the flees was of his former hewe;
No flesh ne wiste offence of egge or spere;
No coyn ne knew man which was fals or trewe;
No ship yit karf the waves grene and blewe;
No marchaunt yit ne fette outlandish ware;
No trompes for the werres folk ne knewe,
No toures heye, and walles rounde or square.

What sholde it han avayled to werreye?
Ther lay no profit, ther was no richesse;
But cursed was the tyme, I dar wel seye,
That men first dide hir swety bysinesse
To grobbe up metal, turkinge in darknesse,
And in the riveres first gemmes soghte.
Alas! than sprong up al the cursednesse
Of covetyse, that first our sorwe broghte!

Thise tyraunts putte hem gladly nat in pres,
No wildnesse, ne no bussches for to winne
Ther povertie is, as seith Diogenes,
Ther as vitale is eek so skars and thinne
That noght but mast or apples is therinne.
But, ther as bagges been and fat vitale,
Ther wol they gon, and spare for no sinne
With al hir ost the cite for tassaile.

Yit were no paleis/chaumbres, ne non halles;
In caves and in wodes softe and swete
Slepten this blissed folk withoute walles,
On gras or leves in parfit quiete.
No doun of fetheres, ne no bleched shete
Was hid to hem, but in scurtee they slepte;
Hir hertes were al oon, withoute galles,
Everich of hem his feith to other kepte.

Unforged was the hauberk and the plate;
The lambish peple, voyd of alle vyce,
Hadden no fantasie to debate,
But ech of hem wolde other wel cheryce;
No pryde, non envye, non avaryce,
No lord, no taylage by no tyrannye;
Humblesse and pees, good feith, the emperice,
Fulfilled erthe of olde curtesye.

Yit was not Jupiter the likerous,
That first was fader of delicacye,
Come in this world; ne Nembrot, desirous
To reynen, had nat maad his toures hye.
Alas, alas! now may men wepe and crye!
For in our dayes nis but covetyse
And doublenesse, and tresoun and envye,
Poysoun, manslaughtre, and mordre in sondry
wyse.

finit Etas prima. Chaucers.

BALADE DE BON CONSEYL

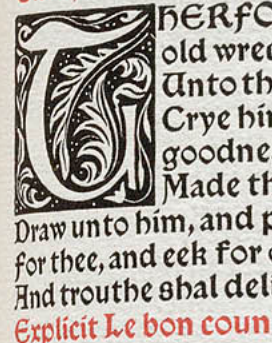


LEE fro the pres, and
dwelle with sothfastnesse,
Suffyce unto thy good,
though hit be smal;
for hord hath hate, and
climbing tikennesse,
Prees hath envye, and wele
blent overal;
Savour no more than thee
bihove shal;
Merk wel thyself, that other folk canst rede;
And trouthe shal deliver, hit is no drede.

Tempest thee noght al coked to redresse,
In trust of hir that turneth as a bal;
Gret reate stant in litel besinesse;
And eek be war to sporne ageyn an al;
Stryve noght, as doth the crokke with the wal.
Daunte thyself, that dauntest othres dede;
And trouthe shal deliver, hit is no drede.

That thee is sent, receyve in buxumnesse,
The wrastling for this worlde axeth a fal.
Her nis non boon, her nis but wilderness:
forth, pilgrim, forth! forth, beste, out of thy
stal!
Know thy contree, look up, thank God of al;
Holde the hye wey, and lat thy goost thee lede:
And trouthe shal deliver, hit is no drede.

Envoy.



HERFORE, thou vache, leve thyn
old wrecchednesse
Unto the worlde; leve now to be thral;
Crye him mercy, that of his hy
goodnesse
Made thee of noght, and in especial
Draw unto him, and pray in general
for thee, and eek for other, hevenlich mede;
And trouthe shal deliver, hit is no drede.

Explicit Le bon conseil de G. Chaucer.

TO ROSEMOUNDE. A BALADE



ADAME, ye ben of al beaute
shryne
As fer as cerclid is the
mappemounde;
for as the cristal glorious
ye shyne,
And lyke ruby ben your
chekes rounde.
Therwith ye ben so mery
and so jocounde,
That at a revel whan that I see you daunce,
It is an oynement unto my wounde,
Thogh ye to me ne do no daliaunce.

for thogh I wepe of teres ful a tyme,
Yet may that wo myn herte nat confounde;
Your seemly voys that ye so smal out/twyne
Maketh my thoght in joye and blis habounde.
So curteisly I go, with love bounde,

That to myself I sey, in my penaunce,
Suffyseth me to love you, Rosemounde,
Thogh ye to me ne do no daliaunce.

Nas never pyk walwed in galauntynne
As I in love am walwed and ywounde;
for which ful ofte I of myself divyne
That I am trewe Tristram the secounde.
My love may not refreyd be nor afounde;
I brenne ay in an amorous plesaunce.
Do what you list, I wil your thral be founde,
Thogh ye to me ne do no daliaunce.

Tregentil. Chaucer.

PROVERBE OF CHAUCER



WAT shul thise clothes
manyfold,
Lo! this hote somers
day?...
After greet heet cometh
cold;
No man caste his pilche
away.
Of al this world the wyde
compas
Hit wol not in myn armes tweyne. ...
Whoso mochel wol embrace
Litel therof he shal distreine.

LENVOY DE CHAUCER A SCOGAN



O BROKEN been the
statuts hye in hevene
That creat were eternally to
dure,
Sith that I see the brighte
goddess sevene
Mow wepe and wayle, and
passioun endure,
As may in erthe a mortal
creature.
Alas, fro whennes may this thing procede?
Of whiche errour I deye almost for drede.

By worde eterne whylom was hit shape
That fro the fiste cercele, in no manere,
Ne mighte a drope of teres doun escape.
But now so wepeth Venus in hir spere,
That with hir teres she wol drenche us here.
Alas, Scogan! this is for thyn offence!
Thou causest this deluge of pestilence.

Hast thou not seyde, in blasphemie of this goddess,
Through pryde, or through thy grete rakennesse,
Swich thing as in the lawe of love forbode is?
That, for thy lady saw nat thy distresse,
Therfor thou yave hir up at Michelmesse!
Alas, Scogan! of olde folk ne yonge
Was never erst Scogan blamed for his tonge!

Thou drowe in scorn Cupyde eek to record
Of thilke rebel word that thou hast spoken,
for which he wol no lenger be thy lord.
And, Scogan, thogh his bowe be nat broken,